

GOOD MORNING.

Day daws and bids the blushing sky
"Good morning!"
The flute-voiced birds take up the cry:
"Good morning!"

And nearer home, beneath the eaves,
The garbled old maple's tender leaves
That shivered in the midnight rain,
Now whisper at my window pane:
"Good morning!"

The genial sun peeps o'er the hill
And laughs across my window sill.
Eyes quiver under sleepy lids—
This is the King himself who bids
"Good morning!"

I rise and ope the window wide,
The sun-kissed breezes charge and
ride
Straight through the breeze in merry
rout,
And scale the walls and fairly shout:
"Good morning!"

They made me captive to the King,
They pluck at me and bid me sing
Their psalm to the Golden Day,
Whose conquering slogan is their gay
"Good morning!"

They frolic here, they scamper there,
They clutch the singing birds in the
air,
On all the world their music beats
"Good morning!"

Heart to heart, the surly wight,
Who scorned his neighbor yester-
night,
With smiling visage stops to greet
That neighbor in the busy street:
"Good morning!"

O joyous day! O! smile of God
To hearthen all who toil and plod,
We hail thee, Conqueror and King!
We hug our golden chains and sing:
"Good morning!"

—T. A. Daly in the Catholic Standard
and Times.

Uncle Jeffy's Latest Catch.
By E. Crayton McCants.
Three miles out from Keowee, upon
what is known locally as the "Mink
Trap" road, and just at the summit
of that long red hill which is
flanked on one side by the stony
slopes of the pasture land and on the
other by the brown wastes of the
stubble and the straight green rows
of the corn, stands the "Uncle Jeffy
Barnes old place." The house—a
quaint "double-log" cabin—has little
in common with the newer dwellings
which the negroes round about in-
habit, for men do not build its kind
any more. Modern cabins may be
reared in a day, and are built, princi-
pally, of thin boards and of scantling,
but the domicile of old Jeffy Barnes
is a relic of a bygone age, and stands
as a specimen of that rude order of
architecture which was evolved un-
der the stress of circumstances, and
which served over fifty years ago to
shelter those faithful black slaves, of
whom Uncle Jeffy was one.

light, and the Keowee country seems
a peasant land, and the Uncle Jeffy
Barnes' old place seems set in the
midst thereof.

So it may be that one passing that
way will linger for a space in front
of the old-fashioned dwelling, and
will notice that the moss lies green
on the steep and shingled roof and
upon the well curb that stands be-
side the door. And such a one, stand-
ing in the red, dusty stretch of
the road and looking beyond the door-
way and the curb, will see under the
trees of the yard a milkhouse that
is suggestive of shadows and of great
stone crocks, while nearer the fence
there are beehives and damask roses
and trailing honeysuckle vines. And
with so much given the traveler, be
he a man of even small understand-
ing, will picture readily the faces of
those old people who from the eter-
nal fitness of all things must necessar-
ily inhabit here—will imagine Aunt
Sara Barnes, with her broad, black,
good-humored face and her blue-
checked, cotton apron, and will give
heed to Uncle Jeffy's voice as the old
man calls: "Light, boss, 'light; an'
des come in dis yere py-azzy, sub, an'
res'."

But if in response to the invita-
tion so heartily given our traveler
should seek to enter, he will likely
find opposing his passage a dog—a
bandy-shanked and brindled dog,
which will plant itself firmly in his
way and will growl ferociously and
otherwise so misconduct itself that
Uncle Jeffy will hurry out in alarm
to cow the beast with hot words and
with blows. Afterward, however,
when cool water has been brought and
the wayfarer is duly refreshed, the
old man will turn again to the brute
and will call to it temptingly:

"Here, Rowdy, here! Come here to
me, my lad!" And he will take the
evil looking head between his knees
and will stroke the same reflectively.
"Yas, he is accustomed to remark as
he waggles the fragment of wolly
beard which hangs at his chin, and
splits well out across the steps, "Row-
dy air part p'inter and part houn"—
might nigh half houn', hit 'pears to
me lak. An' I think thar's a little
touch o' bull in him—an' then thar's
some fice in him shore, fer his great
granmammy on his daddy's side she
were a full blooded fice. But I don't
reckin he's got much trarrier blood.
I judges that ther rest uv him—
what's lef atter ther houn', an' ther
p'inter, an' ther bull, an' ther fice—is
just mostly dog. He's a mighty
fine yawd dog, too, Rowdy is, but he
air a gittin' a sight too sharp—he's
agwine ter bite somebody ther very
fus' thing I know. Thar he was a
'tarin at you just now—I'll bout have
ter brush him one er these days."

Then the old man will pinch the
dog's ear, and Rowdy will yawn and
will stretch his left hind leg as if to
say, "What a pleasant morning it is."
And when no one replies he will go
back down to the gate, where he will
turn round three times—presumably
"for luck"—after which he will com-
pose himself to rest.

In the leisure which this episode
will afford him the wayfarer may
study the old negro. He will, if per-
ception has been vouchsafed unto
him, observe that Uncle Jeffy has
once been a "pow'ful man," and that
even now his hairy chest still looks
broad and muscular as it shows
through the open front of his coarse,
white cotton shirt. The old man
wears no coat, of course—who wants
a coat in the open Spring weather?—
and his face is honest and shrewd.
Only laughter, too—whole-hearted,
kindly laughter—could have drawn
those lines which radiate so finely
from the corners of his quizzical
eyes. And beneath all this, beneath
the wrinkles which the years have
left, and the dull and weather-beaten
skin, and the gray growth of stubby
beard, there exists an odd look of
youthful drollery, as if the boyish
blood time-hadened in its surface
flow, still stirred within and sent new
currents, warm and free, about the
old man's cheerful heart.

It has been said by those who are
in a position to know that in his
youth Uncle Jeffy "wuz pow'ful wile"—
—that once he ran "hoss-races" and
openly "ft chickens." But let this
be as it may, our hero is a staunch
enough church member now—and
sleeps on Sundays very peacefully in
the solemn "Amen corner" of "Lower
Bethabry" church. And when Aunt
Sara would call him to account for
this somnolence he readily defends
himself.

"Brother Larkin"—he will remark
—"Brother Larkin, he do talk so
feelin'ly 'bout thar res'—ther res',
sweet res', what we all is
agwine ter git over on 'tother side
o' Jurdin—at ther ve'y fus' thing I
know I is done fergit whar I is, an'
I is a restin' afore my time."

But he cannot easily evade Aunt
Sara. "Jeffy!" she will continue,
"ain't you afeerd of de bad place,
Jeffy?"

"Tooby shore," is his ready an-
swer. "Tooby shore I is 'ferd. Dey
say 'at water is skace in Torment
an' I cudden never go a fishin' thar!"
For fishing is the old man's weak-
ness, and he knows every "hole" in
the creek.

Rowdy, well-tryed and true.
So familiar is Uncle Jeffy with those
fishing "holes" that he has given to
each one a name. There is the
"minner-hole" and the "cat-hole" and
the "brier-hole." The "minner-hole"
lies just below the bridge. One is
able to smoke in comfort there, and
may hold converse with the passers-
by as he waits for the fish to bite;
while the "cat-hole" affords great
sport whenever the stream is "up."
But notwithstanding the fact that the
day was fine, the sun lying warm on
the long brown furrows of the hill-
side fields, the south wind just stir-
ring in the leave, and the water
laughing musically as it slid round
the grassy bends, none of these places
just now attracted Uncle Jeffy—not
even the "water-hole," where a wil-
low offers its shade, and where the
rush and hurry of a foaming little
fall strikes pleasantly on the ear. A
half mile further down, however, and
just at the spot where the "horse
branch" pays its toll to the creek,
there is a broad, still pool, which is
deep at its upper end, but which
shelves rapidly until it featheredges
in a shoal against a white sand-bar
below. Above this spot are cotton-
wood trees, and at their roots a fallen
log offers one a pleasant resting
place; moreover, there is brushwood
close by, where a dog may amuse
himself, and if he is diligent he may
perhaps find a gray rabbit there. In
view of these advantages the place
attracted Uncle Jeffy, and it was here
that he halted.

After the bait had been adjusted
and the old man had seated himself
and Rowdy had gone away to nose
through the bushes, the silence grew
soft and somnolent. Away off down
the creek a bull-frog was croaking
hoarsely; back in the long stretch of
the road an empty wagon came ratt-
ling down the hill, and up among
the leaves of the cottonwoods the
heavy-winged bees were circling
drowsily.

"H-r-r-ump! h-r-r-ump! h-r-r-ump!"
chanted the frog, and its tones re-
minded Uncle Jeffy of the preaching
of Brother Tom Larkin of "Lower
Bethabry" church. Presently he
closed his eyes in order to heighten
the effect.

"H-r-r-ump! h-r-r-ump!" The line
paid slowly out from the rod, the cork
bobbed inshore, and the hook, floated
upward by the light cotton which the
bait contained, drifted down-stream
into the shallow.

"H-r-r-ump!" The preacher by
this time was well launched into his
discourse, and Uncle Jeffy snored
gently as his head drooped and
rested lovingly against the trunk of
the tree.

The afternoon wore along. The
slanting sunlight crept under the
leaves and rested on the old man's
forehead, the wind caressed his gray
locks, and the curving branches
seemed to stoop toward his weather-
beaten face, but all unheeding, he
dreamed on and on and on. In his
slumbers he had grown young again,
and the preacher was rebuking his
sins. His pole lay lax in his fingers,
and the hook and the bait rested
lightly against a bank of sand.

In the meantime Rowdy had grown
tired. The one rabbit which he had
started had behaved reprehensibly,
and had led him a long chase around
the brow of a gullied hill, then it had
eluded him altogether. Ready to
stomach refreshment let its kind be
what it might, the dog came panting
to the water's edge, lapped hastily,
sniffed the inviting bait and then—
"Ge, whiz! Hit's a gollywhopper!"

Started almost into afright at the
magnitude of his "bite," the old man
"struck" and sprang, wide awake, to
his feet.

Rowdy lunged. "Yi! ky! ky-ii!"
he yelled in the greatness of his
pained surprise.

For a moment Uncle Jeffy stood
speechless, then, as the dog plunged
again, the situation dawned upon the
old man and his face flushed.

"Come yere, Rowdy!" he yelled.
"Come yere, yer blamed ole fool, an'
lemme onloosen dat hook!"

But Rowdy, hurt now and voicing
his wrongs until the red hills rang,
ran backwards and sideways, struggl-
ing and leaping.

"Rowdy! Rowdy!" Mastering his
wrath Uncle Jeffy tried persuasion,
then rushed forward suddenly.

Rowdy crouched and tugged once
more at the line, then in a last wild
effort he shot forward as if from a
catapult, struck Uncle Jeffy and
tripped him, and both went down, yell-
ing and yelping, into the deep, chill
water of the creek.

When at last the hook had been ex-
tracted and the two had crept out up-
on the bank, sundown had come, the
west was ablaze with purple and gold,
and the bats were flying high to wel-
come the shadows. And, as the twi-
light gathered and Uncle Jeffy went
walking up the path to his house,
a single star came out above him,
then another and yet another, and he
heard Aunt Sara calling him.

"Here! here!" he replied, and she
came to him.

"Is that you, Jeffy?" she asked. Her
voice was tremulous and she drew
very close to him, but as she touched
his wet sleeve she stopped suddenly
and faced him.



RADISH AND OLIVE SALAD.
Put two cup-shaped lettuce leaves
together on a small plate, one for
each person. Slice a small radish thin
and lay round in a circle in the cen-
ter and on this put a spoonful of
minced or shredded olives. Make a
dressing from one level teaspoon of
salt, a salt spoon of paprika, a few
grains of pepper, six tablepoons of
oil and three tablepoons of vinegar.
Pour over the salad at the moment of
serving.

JAM PUDDING STEAMED.
Take half a pound of breadcrumbs,
four ounces of suet, one ounce of
flour, two eggs, four tablepoonsful of
any jam (stoneless). Chop the suet,
mix it with the flour and bread-
crumbs. Beat up the eggs with the
jam, and add these to the bread-
crumbs, etc.
Well grease a pudding-basin, pour
in the mixture, twist a piece of
greased paper over the top and steam
it for one hour.

Let it stand for a minute or two,
then turn it out carefully. Custard
is a good addition to this pudding.

CREAM CHEESE SALADS.
An appetizing salad for dinner is
made of cream cheese. Roll the
cheese into little balls with butter
paddles, heap the balls on lettuce
leaves or endive and pour French
dressing over them. A rather more
elaborate salad is made by mixing
with the cheese minced parsley and
paprika, molding the mixture in little
egg cups and placing on the ice to
chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with
mayonnaise dressing. Still another
way of serving the cheese balls is to
line small fluted tins with molds with
aspic, then when this is set place in
the center a ball of cheese and on the
cheese a stoned olive filled with as-
pic. When serving turn onto a dish
and place about the cheese mounds
celery finely minced and mixed with
mayonnaise dressing.

PISTACHE AND ORANGE MER-
INGUES.
This is one of the daintiest ways
of serving cream for a little dinner
or lawn fete. The pistache nuts can
be bought at the wholesale nut stores
or in the Syrian quarter of the city.
Shell and blanch two pounds of the
little nuts, then pound in a mortar to
a smooth paste, flavoring with the
orange flower water. Make a vanilla
cream, with or without eggs as pre-
ferred, add the nut paste and freeze.
It is as well to buy the meringues at
the bakers as it is not worth while
to spend time and strength on them
when they can be obtained readily.
Press a spoonful of cream between
the shells and serve on small plates.

AN ECONOMICAL DINNER.
Fore quarter of lamb is the most
economical roast to be had, and one
of the very best. Order a large piece,
at least seven pounds, and have 5 or
six chops taken off first, and then two
pounds of the neck and rib ends for a
stew or lamb pie. The shoulder-blade
and bits of bone are to be made into a
soup with the ordinary vegetables,
and either a cup of beans, mashed, or
a cup of tomato, to give body to it;
the whole, of course, served clear.

The roast may or may not be stuff-
ed in the pocket left by the shoulder-
blade's removal; the peas may be can-
ned ones for convenience, or a fresh
vegetable, such as cauliflower, may
be substituted. If one wishes to have
this a company dinner, a simple green
salad may follow the lamb, with
French dressing and waters.—Har-
per's Bazar.

MOCK TURTLE.
Take a small shoulder of mutton
and hang it for several days, bone it,
and lay it on a chopping board. Mix
together half a teaspoonful of pepper
and the same quantity of ground
mace and with it sprinkle the meat.
Lay on the meat a dozen oysters and
scatter over breadcrumbs, pepper and
salt. Roll the meat neatly, sew down
the flap, and tie around with a string.
Place it in a saucepan with a small
quantity of water and add an onion
stuck with cloves and four long pep-
pers. Cover the pan closely, turn the
meat constantly while it is slowly
cooking. Take a pint of white stock,
thicken it with a piece of butter the
size of a pigeon's egg worked into
flour, and add to it a dozen oysters.
Dish the meat, remove the tape, and
pour the sauce over. Garnish with
tufts of parsley and slices of gherkins
down the centre of the meat. For
cooking allow twenty minutes to ev-
ery pound of meat, and be sure that it
stews slowly all the time.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.
Never allow a cake of fat to remain
on the top of soups and stews. It
makes them turn sour more quickly
than they otherwise would.

Apple sauce need not always have
the same flavor. Lemon or orange
peel, lemon juice or a little cinnamon
will make a variety.

Try putting a little salt in the wa-
ter in which your matting is washed.

Honey and a decoction of sage
leaves is a splendid remedy for sore
throat.

To get rid of ants, mix equal parts
of sugar and borax and sprinkle
shelves and doors.

A layer of brown paper put on the
kitchen table under the oilcloth will
prevent the latter from cracking and
make it wear longer.

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ADVERTISING PAYS. Embroidered Pique Coats. Embroidered pique coats are much worn by little children, and if you buy a good pique with a rather fine cord it will launder and wear very well. One charming little coat that I saw recently had a wide shoulder cape with an embroidered scallop on the edge, and with several rows of large round dots worked above it. The turnover collar and cuffs were embroidered in the same manner. The best way to make the dots is to work them in the over and over stitch from side to side, and then, using the same stitch, work them from top to bottom. This pads them thoroughly, and makes them stand out most effectively.
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"No. The trouble I had was in mak- ing people understand me."—Detroit Free Press.

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